



*Here in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete!*

Published by J. & P. Knapton. Feb. 6.th 1744.



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ESSAY

ON

MAN.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE Esq.

Enlarged and Improved by the ^hAUTHOR.

With NOTES by
Mr. WARBURTON.



Pond f.

L O N D O N,

Printed for JOHN and PAUL KNAPTON in
Ludgate-street. MDCCXLVIII.

[Price Eighteen Pence.]



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN, to use the Author's own Words, is a *perfect System of Ethics*; in which Definition he included *Religion*: For he was far from that Opinion of the noble Writer of the *Characteristicks*, that Morality could long support itself, or have even a real existence, without a reference to the Deity. Hence it is that the *first* Epistle regards Man with respect to the Lord and Governor of the universe; as the *second*, with respect to *himself*; the *third*, to *Society*; and the *fourth* to *Happiness*. Having therefore formed and finished his *Essay* in this View, he was much mortified whenever he found it considered in any other; or as a part and introduction only to a larger work. As appears from the conclusion of his second Dialogue, intitled MDCCLXXXVIII, where he makes his impertinent adviser say,

*Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write, next winter, more Essays on Man.*

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which a MS. note of his thus explains:
“ The Author undoubtedly meant this as a
“ Sarcaſm on the ignorance of thoſe friends
“ of his, who were daily peſtering him for
“ *more Eſſays on Man*, as not ſeeing that the
“ four Epiſtles he had publiſhed entirely com-
“ pleted that Subject.” But it muſt be own-
ed that the Public, by the great and conti-
nued demand for his *Eſſay*, ſufficiently freed
itſelf from this imputation of wrong Judgment.
And how great and continued that demand has
been, appears from the vaſt variety of pirated
and imperfect Editions continually obtruded
on the world, ever ſince the firſt publication of
the Poem; and which no repeated proſecutions
of the Offenders have been able totally to
reſtrain.

THEſe were the conſiderations which have
now induced the Proprietor to give one per-
fect Edition of the *Eſſay on Man*, from Mr.
Pope's laſt corrections and improvements; that
the Public may from henceforth be ſupplied
with this Poem alone, in a manner ſuitable to
its dignity, and to the honeſt intentions of its
great Author.

Concerning the UNIVERSAL PRAYER,
which concludes the *Eſſay*, it may be proper to
obſerve that ſome paſſages in the *Eſſay* having

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been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism*, the Author compos'd that Prayer as the Sum of all, to shew that his System was founded in Free-will, and terminated in Piety: That the first Cause was as well the Lord and Governor as the Creator of the Universe; and that by Submission to his Will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination; but a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the Poet chose for his Model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others best deserves the title prefixed to his Paraphrase.

The Reader will excuse my adding a word concerning the Frontispiece; which, as it was designed and drawn by Mr. *Pope* himself, would be a kind of Curiosity, had not the excellence of the thought otherwise recommended it. We see it represents the Vanity of human Glory, in the false pursuits after Happiness: Where the Ridicule, in the Curtain-cobweb, the Death's-head crown'd with laurel, and the several Inscriptions, have all the force and beauty of one of his best wrote Satires: Nor is there less expression in the bearded-Philosopher sitting by a fountain running to waste, and

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blowing up bubbles with a straw from a small portion of water taken out of it, in a dirty dish; admirably representing the vain business of School-Philosophy, that, with a little artificial logic, sits inventing airy arguments in support of false science, while the human Understanding at large is suffered to lie waste and uncultivated.

TO THE
A U T H O R
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

W H E N Love's * great Goddess, anxious for her
Son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a Coast unknown,
A Huntress in the Wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping Mind, and point his Way.
But Venus' Charms no borrow'd Form could hide ;
He knew, and worship'd his CELESTIAL GUIDE.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious System of Benevolence ;

* *Æneid.* i.

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And heavenly taught, explain the Angel's Song,
That Praise to God, and Peace to Men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the Bard divine we know,
From whence such Truths could spring, such Lines
could flow.

Applause, which justly so much Worth pursues,
You only can DESERVE, or could REFUSE.

C.

TO THE
 CONCEAL'D AUTHOR
 OF THE
 ESSAY on MAN.

YES, Friend ! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd !
 but how ?

Ever the Brightest, more Refulgent now,
 By thy own Lustre hid ! each nervous Line,
 Each melting Verse, each Syllable is thine.
 But such Philosophy, such Reason strong,
 Has never yet adorn'd thy lofty'st song.

Do'st thou, satyric, Vice and Folly brand,
 Intent to purge the Town, the Court, the Land ?
 Is thy design to make men good and wise,
 Exposing the deformity of Vice ?
 Do'st thou thy *Wit* at once and *Courage* show,
 Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow ?
 Do'st thou delineate God, or trace out Man,
 The vast Immensity, or mortal Span ?

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Thy Hand is known ; nor needs thy Work a Name,
 The Poem loudly must the Pen proclaim.
 I see my Friend ! O sacred Poet, hail !
 The brightness of thy Face defeats the Veil.

Write thou, and let the World the Writing view,
 The World will know and will pronounce it You.
 Dark in thy Grove, or in thy Closet sit,
 We see thy Wisdom, Harmony, and Wit ;
 Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
 Enshrin'd in Clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet Warbler of the Spring, alone,
 Sings darkling, but unseen her Note is known ;
 And so the Lark, inhabiting the Skies,
 Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

AS when some Student first with curious eye
Thro' Nature's wondrous Frame attempts to
pry ;

His doubtful Reason seeming Faults surprize,
He asks if This be just, if That be wise ?
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue in Distress,
And Vice unpunish'd, with strange Thoughts oppress,
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His Mind he opens, fair is all he sees :
Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue's ragged
Plight,

And Vice's Triumph, all are just and right :
Beauty is found, and Order, and Design,
And the whole Scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous Plan,
 Leading through all the winding Maze of Man;
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
 My Pride would fain have laid the Fault on You.
 This false, That ill-exprest, this Thought not good;
 And all was wrong which I mis-understood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found
 The Diction nervous, and the Doctrine sound.
 Saw Man, a Part of that stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul;
 Saw in the Scale of Things his middle State,
 And all his Pow'rs adapted just to That:
 Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of use,
 How all to Good, to Happiness conduce,
 Saw my own Weakness, thy superior Pow'r,
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

T O

Mr. P O P E.

By a L A D Y.

FATHER of Verse ! indulge an artless Muse,
 Just to the warmth thy envy'd Lays infuse.
 Rais'd by the Soul that breathes in ev'ry Line
 (My Phœbus thou, thy awful Works my Shrine !)
 Grateful I bow, thy mighty Genius own,
 And hail thee, seated on thy natal Throne.

Stung by thy Fame, tho' aided by thy Light,
 See Bards, till now unknown, essay to write :
 Rous'd by thy heat unnumber'd Swarms arise,
 As Insects live beneath autumnal Skies :
 While Envy pines with unappeas'd Desire,
 And each mean Breast betrays th' invidious Fire.

Yet thou, great Leader of the sacred Train,
 (Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain)
 Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the Age,
 Let wholesome Satyr loose thro' ev'ry page,

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Born for the task, whom no mean Views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on Satyr all your hours bestow,
Oft from your Lyre let gentler Numbers flow;
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd Retreats,
“ And call'd the Muses to their ancient Seats :
Thy manly force, and Genius unconfin'd,
Shall mold to future Fame the growing Mind :
To ripen'd Souls more solid aids impart,
And, while you touch the Sense, correct the Heart :
Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base Minds will envy still, and Scriblers write.

Thus the imperial Source of genial Heat
Gilds the aspiring Dome, and mean Retreat;
Bids Gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile Oar to Gold :
Yet the same Heat assists each reptile Birth,
And draws infectious Vapours from the Earth.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.

By Mr. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever Work to such Perfection wrought !
How elegant the Diction ! pure the Thought !
Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd Rays,
But one bright Beauty, one collected Blaze.
So breaks the Day upon the Shades of Night,
Enliv'ning all with one unbounded Light.

To humble Man's proud Heart thy great Design ;
But who can read this wondrous Work Divine,
So justly plan'd, and so politely writ,
And not be proud, and boast of human Wit ?

Yet just to Thee, and to thy Precepts true,
Let us know Man, and give to God his Due ;
His Image we, but mix'd with coarse Allay,
Our Happiness, to love, adore, obey ;

[xvi]

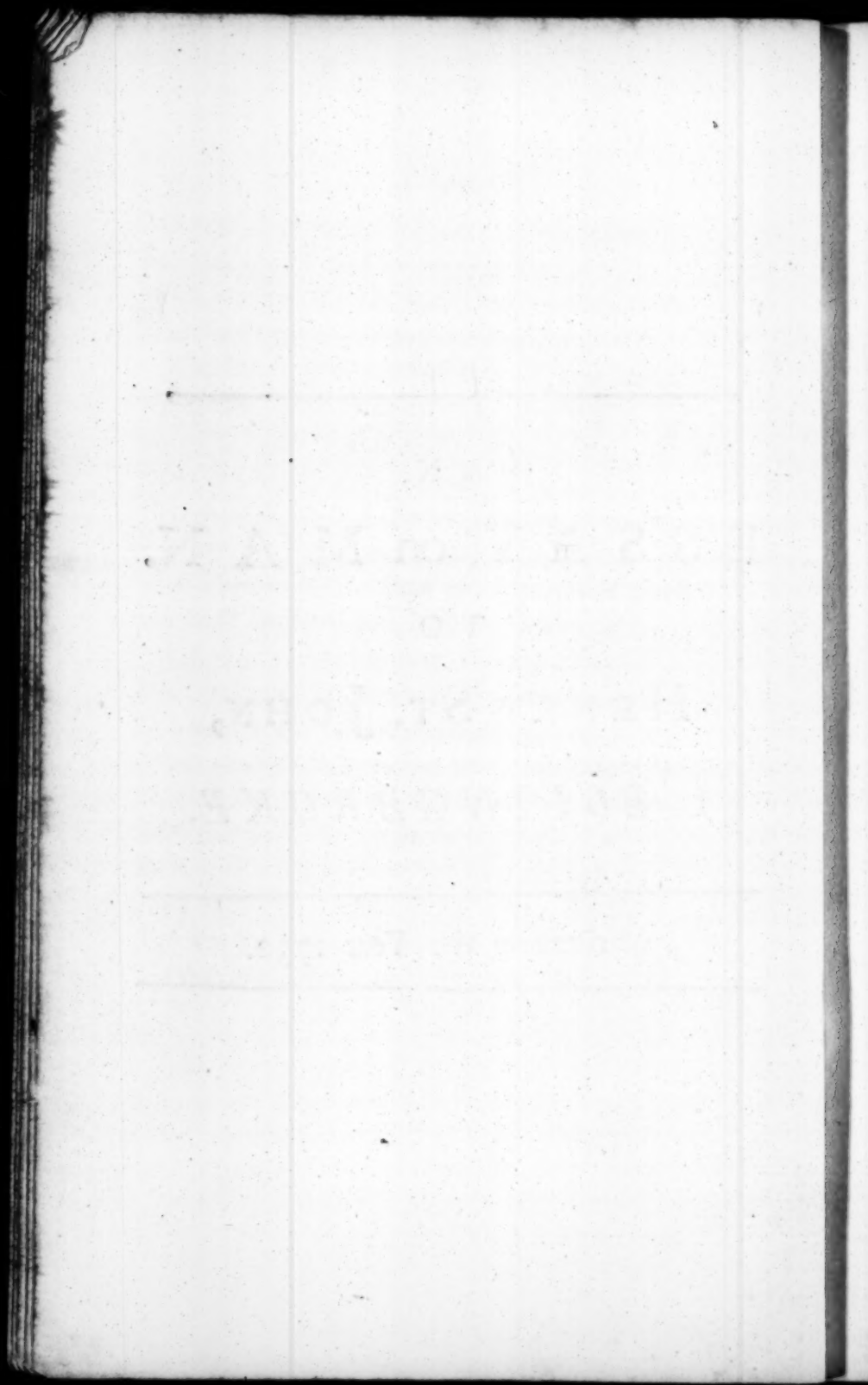
To praise him for each gracious Boon bestow'd,
For this thy Work, for ev'ry lesser Good,
With prostrate Hearts before his Throne to fall,
And own the great Creator All in All.

The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
On trifling Subjects in enervate Strains ;
Be it thy Task to set the Wand'rer right,
Point out her Way in her aerial Flight,
Her noble Mien, her Honours lost restore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
Thy Theme sublime, and easy Verse will prove
Her high Descent, and Mission from above.

Let others now translate, thy abler Pen
Shall vindicate the Ways of God to Men ;
In Virtue's Cause shall gloriously prevail,
When the Bench frowns in vain, and Pulpits fail,
Made wise by thee, whose happy Style conveys
The purest Morals in the softest Lays.
As Angels once, so now we Mortals bold
Shall climb the Ladder *Jacob* view'd of old ;
Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the Way
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day.

A N
E S S A Y on M A N.
T O
H E N R Y S T. J O H N,
L. B O L I N G B R O K E.

Written in the Year 1732.



THE DESIGN.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the Abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*: since, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *Being*.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a *few, clear points*; There are not *many certain Truths* in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body, more Good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The *Disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the *Wits* than the *Hearts* of Men against each other, and have diminish'd the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any Merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming, out of all, a *temperate* yet

not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* System of *Ethics*.

This I might have done in Prose; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme for two Reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in Prose itself; and nothing is truer than that much of the *Force*, as well as *Grace* of Arguments or Instructions, depends on their *Conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more *poetically*, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wandering from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of Reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now publish'd, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *Greater Parts*, their *Extents*, their *Limits*, and their *Connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry and more susceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the *Fountains*, and clearing the passage; To deduce the *Rivers*, to follow them in their *course*, and to observe their *effects*, would be a task more agreeable.

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*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to
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AN
ESSAY on MAN.
In Four EPISTLES.

TO
H. ST. JOHN L. BOLINGBROKE,

EPISTLE I.
*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to the UNIVERSE.*

AWAKE, my St. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

EPIST. I. THE Opening of this MAN, or a Philosophical Enquiry poem is taken up in giving an account of the Subject, which, agreeably to the title, is an ESSAY on into his Nature and End, his Passions and Pursuits. He then tells us with what design he wrote, viz.

A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

To vindicate the ways of God to Man.

The Men he writes against, he frequently informs us, are such as *weigh their opinion against Providence* (§ 114.) such as cry, *If Man's unhappy, God's unjust* (§ 118.) or such as fall into the notion, *That Vice and Virtue there is none at all.* (Ep. iii. § 212.) This occasions the Poet to divide his vindication of the ways of God, into two parts. In the first of which he gives direct answers to those objections, which libertine Men, on a view of the disorders arising from the perversity of the human will, have intended against Providence; and in the second, he obviates all those objections, by a true delineation of human Nature, or a general, but exact map of Man. The first epistle is employed in the management of the first part of this dispute; and the three following in the management of the second. So that this whole book constitutes a complete Essay on Man, written for the best purpose, *to vindicate the ways of God.*

VER. 7, 8. *A Wild—Or Garden.*] The *Wild* relates to the human Passions, productive (as he explains it in the second epistle) both of good and evil. The *Garden*, to human Reason, so often tempting us to transgress the bounds God has set to it, and wander in fruitless enquiries.

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, &c.*] Those who only follow the blind guidance of their Passions; or those who leave behind them all sense and reason, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphysics. Both which follies are exposed in the fourth epistle, where the popular and philosophical errors concerning Happiness are spoken of. The figure here is taken from animal life.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we must, &c.*] Intimating that human Follies are so strangely absurd and ridiculous, that it is not in the power of the most compassionate, on some occasions, to restrain their Mirth: And that human Crimes are so flagitious, that the most candid have seldom an opportunity, on this subject, to exercise their Virtue.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

3

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man what see we, but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find, 35
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind!
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnum-
 ber'd, &c.*] "Hunc cognoscimus so-
 lummodo per Proprietates suas
 et Attributa, et per sapientissimas
 et optimas rerum structuras et
 causas finales." *Newtoni Princ.*

Schol. gen. sub. fin.

VER. 23 to 42.] A sublime de-
 scription of the Omniscience of
 God, and the miserable Blindness
 and Presumption of Man.

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellities are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human Works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud Steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:

VER. 35 to 42.] In these lines the poet has joined the highest beauty of argumentation to the sublimity of thought; where the similar instances, proposed for his adversaries examination, shew as well the absurdity of their complaints against Order, as the fruit-

lessness of their enquiries into the arcana of the Godhead.

VER. 64. *The dull Ox—now Ægypt's God.*] Called *Ægypt's God*, because the Apis was worshipped universally over the whole land.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

5

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought; 70
His Knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His Time a moment, and a point his Space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n.
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellities are less than Jove?
 Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50
 Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human Works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60
 When the proud Steed shall know why Man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:

VER. 35 to 42.] In these lines
 the poet has joined the highest
 beauty of argumentation to the
 sublimity of thought; where the
 similar instances, proposed for his
 adversaries examination, shew as
 well the absurdity of their com-
 plaints against Order, as the fruit-

lessness of their enquiries into the
 arcana of the Godhead.

VER. 64. *The dull Ox—now
 Ægypt's God.*] Called *Ægypt's
 God*, because the Apis was wor-
 shipped universally over the whole
 land.

I. EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

5

Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought; 70
His Knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His Time a moment, and a point his Space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n.
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :
 The Soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the watry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold !
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence ;

VER. 97. *Uneasy, and confin'd, from home.*] By the words *from home* (an' expression taken from the Platonic philosophy) it was the Poet's purpose to teach that the present life is only a state of probation for another more suitable to the essence of the soul, and the free exercise of its qualities.

VER. 99. *Lo! the poor Indian, &c.*] That this Indian was introduced not to set his ideas of a fu-

ture State in competition with those of more civilized people, but only to shew, that as absurd as they were, they were yet more humane than those professors of popish Theology, who excluded all from a possibility of salvation, which agree not with them in every mode of faith defined by the Church. That he was introduced, I say, only for this purpose, see ¶ 177, & seq. of the 4th Ep.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

7

Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD!

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel;
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th'Eternal cause. 130

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
 " My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

“ No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145

“ Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;

“ Th'exceptions few, some change, since all began,

“ And what created perfect ?”—Why then Man ?

If the great end be human Happiness,

Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, 155

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?

Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ? 160

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165

Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air nor ocean felt the wind ;

That never passion discompos'd the mind :

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates.*] “ While comets move in
“ very eccentric orbs, in all man-
“ ner of positions, blind Fate could
“ never make all the planets move
“ one and the same way in orbs
“ concentric ; some inconsiderable

“ irregularities excepted, which
“ may have risen from the mutual
“ actions of comets and planets
“ upon one another, which will
“ be apt to increase till this system
“ wants reformation.” *Sir Isaac*
Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

9

But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And Passions are the elements of life. 170
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own;
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of* formed for strength, their swift-
swiftness, &c.] It is a certain ax-
iom in the anatomy of creatures, nesses is lessened; or as they are
that in proportion as they are formed for swiftness, their strength
is abated.

10 ESSAY ON MAN. EP. I.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if, tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of Sensual, Mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
^{What} That modes of Sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the linx's beam:
 Of Smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of Hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
 The spider's Touch how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

VER. 213. *The headlong lioness.*]
 The manner of the Lions hunting
 their prey in the deserts of Africa
 is this: At their first going out in
 the night-time they set up a loud
 roar, and then listen to the noise
 made by the beasts in their flight,

pur suing them by the ear, and not
 by the nostril. It is probable the
 story of the jackal's hunting for
 the lion, was occasioned by obser-
 vation of this defect of scent in that
 terrible animal.

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

II

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew: 220
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine.
 'Twixt that and Reason, what a nice barrier;
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide:
 And Middle natures how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee; 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?
 See thro' the air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above how high progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being, which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach! from infinite to thee, 240

VER. 224. *For ever sep'rate,* &c.] *Near*, by the similitude of the operations; *separate*, by the immense difference in the nature of the powers.

VER. 226. *What thin partitions* &c.] So *thin*, that the Atheistic philosophers, as Protagoras, held that *thought was only sense*; and

from thence concluded that every *imagination or opinion of every man was true*: Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀλήθεια. But the poet determines more philosophically, that they are really and essentially different, how thin soever the Partition is by which they are divided.

From thee to Nothing — On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole;
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God :
 All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm! — oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head; 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?

VER. 243. *Or in the full creation leave a void.*] This is only an illustrating allusion to the Aristotelian doctrines of plenum and vacuum; the full and void here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

VER. 247. *And if each system in gradation roll,*] Alluding to the motion of the planetary bodies of each system, and to the figures described by that motion.

VER. 251: *Let Earth unba-*

lanc'd] That is, being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progressive and attractive motions, which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibrium.

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels &c.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uses an advantage, which his employing a Platonic principle for the foundation of his Essay had afforded

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

13

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in th'æthereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breaths in our Soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own Point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

him; and that is, the expressing himself (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpose, are highly poetical, at the same time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reasoning.

VER. 266. *The great directing Mind &c.*] “ Veneramur autem

“ et colimus ob dominium ; Deus
“ enim sine dominio, providentia,
“ et causis finalibus, nihil aliud
“ est quam FATUM et NATURA.”

Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.

VER. 278. *Seraph that adores and burns ;*] Alluding to the name *Seraphim*, signifying *burners*.

Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal or the mortal Hour.
 All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
 All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:

That the reader may see in one view the Exactness of the Method, as well as Force of the Argument, I shall here draw up a short synopsis of this Epistle. The poet begins by telling us his subject is an Essay on Man: That his end of writing is *to vindicate Providence*: That he intends to derive his arguments, *from the visible things of God seen in this system*: Lays down this proposition, as the foundation of his thesis, *That of all possible systems infinite Wisdom has form'd the best*: draws from thence two consequences, 1. *That there must needs be somewhere such a creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil which he is author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole*. This is his general thesis; from whence he forms this conclusion, *That Man should rest submissive and content, and make the hopes of Futurity his Comfort, but not suffer this to be the occasion of PRIDE*, which is the cause of all his impious complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his thesis. — Previously endeavours to abate our wonder at the phenomenon of moral Evil; shews, first, *its use to the perfection of the Universe*, by Analogy, from the use

of physical Evil in this particular system. — Secondly, *its use in this system*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias, to promote Virtue. Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain supposed natural Evils; as he had before justified it for the permission of real moral Evil, in shewing that, though the atheist's complaint against providence be on pretence of real moral Evil, yet the true cause is his impatience under imaginary natural Evil; the issue of a depraved appetite for fantastical advantages, which, if obtained, would be useless or hurtful to Man, and deforming and destructive to the Universe, as breaking into that Order by which it is supported. — He describes that Order, Harmony, and close Connexion of the Parts; and, by shewing the intimate presence of God to his whole creation, gives a reason for an Universe so amazingly beautiful and perfect. From all this he deduces his general Conclusion, *That Nature being neither a blind chain of Causes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous result of wandering atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wise, all-good, and free Being*: Whatever is, is

EP. I. ESSAY ON MAN.

15

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One Truth is clear, "Whatever IS, is RIGHT.

RIGHT, *with regard to the Disposition of God, and its ultimate Tendency, which once granted, all*

Complaints against Providence are at an end.

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man as an Individual.

K NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :

EPIST. II. The poet having shewn, in the first epistle, that the Ways of God are too high for our comprehension, rightly draws this conclusion, and methodically makes it the subject of his Introduction to the second, which treats of the Nature of Man.

VER. 10. *Born but to die, &c.*] The author's meaning is, that, as we are *born to die*, and yet enjoy

some small portion of life ; so, though we *reason to err*, yet we comprehend some few truths. This is the weak state of Reason, in which Error mixes itself with all its true conclusions concerning Man's Nature.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, &c.*] The proper sphere of his Reason is so narrow, and the exercise of it so nice ; that the too

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

17

Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the World!

18

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th'empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

30

immoderate use of it is attended with the same ignorance that proceeds from the not using it at all. Yet, tho' in both these cases, he is *abused* by himself, he has it still in his own power to *disabuse* himself, in making his Passions subservient to the means, and regulating his Reason by the end of Life.

VER. 20. *Go, measure earth, &c.*] Alluding to the noble and useful project of the modern Mathematicians, to measure a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to astronomy and navigation.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he attempted to reform on those two sublime conceptions, the *difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men*; and the *position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.*

VER. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wisdom, &c.*] These two lines are a conclusion from all that had been said from v. 19, to this effect: "Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in real science, and imaginary intimacy with God; go, and run into all the

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind, 35
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40

But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride,

"extravagancies I have exploded
"in the first Epistle, where thou
"pretendest to teach Providence
"how to govern; then drop into
"the obscurities of thy own nature,
"and thereby manifest thy
"ignorance and folly."

VER. 31. *Superior beings, &c.*] In these lines he speaks to this effect:

"But to make you fully sensible of
"the difficulty of this study, I
"shall instance in the great Newton
"himself; whom when superior
"beings, not long since, saw
"capable of unfolding the whole
"law of Nature, they were in
"doubt whether the owner of
"such prodigious science should
"not be reckoned of their order;
"just as men, when they
"see the surprising marks of Reason
"in an Ape, are almost

"tempted to rank him with their
"own kind. And yet this wondrous
"Man could go no farther
"in the knowledge of himself
"than the generality of his species."

VER. 37. *Who saw its fires here rise, &c.*] Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's Motion, and the course it describes, when it becomes visible in its descent to, and ascent from the Sun, conjectured, with the highest appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentric, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN. 19

Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress, 45

Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,

Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:

Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrefcient parts

Of all, our Vices have created Arts: 50

Then see how little the remaining sum,

Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;

Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55

Each works its end, to move or govern all:

And to their proper operation still

Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60

Man, but for that, no action could attend,

And, but for this, were active to no end;

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;

Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65

Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the Moving principle requires;

Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate and quiet the Comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70

Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;

Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:

That sees immediate good by present sense;

Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The Action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend :
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite,
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit :

Wits, just like fools, at war about a Name, 85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire :
But greedy That its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all ;
But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
And Reason bids us for our own provide ;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest :

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

21

The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110
 Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

VER. 109. *Nor God alone, &c.*] These words are only a simple affirmation in the poetic dress of a similitude, to this purpose: "Good
 " is not only produced by the sub-
 " dual of the Passions, but by the
 " turbulent exercise of them." A
 truth conveyed under the most sub-
 lime imagery that poetry could
 conceive or paint. For the author
 is here only shewing the providen-
 tial effects of the Passions, and
 how, by God's gracious disposition,
 they are turned away from their

natural bias, to promote the hap-
 piness of Mankind. As to the
 method in which they are to be
 treated by Man, in whom they are
 found, all that he contends for, in
 favour of them, is only this, that
 they should not be quite rooted up
 and destroyed, as the Stoics, and
 their followers in all religions,
 foolishly attempted. For the rest,
 he constantly repeats this advice:

*The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.*

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
 Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame: 130
 And hence one master Passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 'The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 'The Mind's disease, its ruling Passion came;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul. 140
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour;

VER. 147. *Reason itself, &c.*] epistles, gives examples of the
 The poet, in some other of his doctrine and precepts here delivered.

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

23

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150

Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless Friend!

Or from a Judge turn pleader, to persuade 155

The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:

Thus, in that *Of the use of Riches*,
he has illustrated this truth in the
character of Cotta:

*Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and
his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or
worth.
What tho' (the use of barb'rous
spits forgot)
His kitchen wied in coolness with his
grot?*

VER. 149. *We, wretched sub-
jects, &c.*] St. Paul himself did
not chuse to employ other argu-
ments, when disposed to give us the
highest idea of the usefulness of
Christianity, *Rom. vii.* But it may

be, the poet finds a remedy in natu-
ral Religion? Far from it. He
here leaves Reason unrelieved.
What is this then, but an intima-
tion that we ought to seek for a
cure in that religion, which only
dares profess to give it?

VER. 163. *'Tis her's to rectify,*
&c.] The meaning of this precept
is, "That as the ruling Passion is
" implanted by Nature, it is Rea-
" son's office to regulate, and re-
" strain, but not to overthrow it.
" To regulate the passion of Avarice,
" for instance, into a parsimonious
" dispensation of the public revenues;
" to direct the passion of Love, whose
" object is worth and beauty,

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends.

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;

The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride,

All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th'Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175

Grafts on this Passion our best principle:

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,

Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,

And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care

On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;

The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,

Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair; *What makes all physical and moral ill?*

“ τὸ καλὸν τ' ἀγαθόν, as his ma-

ster Plato advises; and to re-

strain Spleen to a contempt and

“ hatred of Vice.”

VER. 175. *To' Eternal Art &c.*]

The Author has, throughout these Epistles, explained his Meaning to be, that Vice is, in its own nature, the greatest of evils; and produced thro' the abuse of Man's free will,

There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will:

but that God in his infinite goodness, deviously turns the natural bias of its malignity to the Advancement of human happiness. A doctrine very different from the Fable of the Bees, which impiously and foolishly supposes it to have that natural tendency.

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN. 25

What crops of wit and honesty appear 185

From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!

See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;

Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;

Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind: 190

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,

Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,

But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;

Reason the byas turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine. 200

The same ambition can destroy or save;

And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,

What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205

In Man they join to some mysterious use;

VER. 203. *This light, &c.*] A Platonic phrase for Conscience, and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conscience either signifies, speculatively, the judgment we pass on things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or else it signifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conscience, the God (or the law of God) within the mind, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions.

Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, or unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th'Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North! at York, 'tis on the Tweed:
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
 No Creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill, 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

27

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole :
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th'effect of ev'ry vice : 240
 That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief.
 That Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie :
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :

VER. 253. *Wants; frailties, passions, closer still ally—The common int'rest, &c.*] “ To these frailties “ (says he) we owe all the endear- “ ments of private life; yet when “ we come to that age, which ge- “ nerally disposes Men to think “ more seriously of the true value “ of things, and consequently of “ their provision for a future state, “ the consideration, that the “ grounds of those joys, loves, and “ friendships, are wants, frailties,

“ and passions, proves the best ex- “ pedient to wean us from the “ world ; a disengagement so “ friendly to that provision we are “ now making for another.” This is his Sense. The Observation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it so well confirms, by an instance of great moment, the general thesis, *That God makes Ill, at every step, productive of Good.*

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign:
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whatev'r the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The Learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The Fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The Rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
 The Poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
 The Sot a hero, Lunatic a king ;
 The starving Chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the Poet in his muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
 See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age : 280
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er !

VER. 280. *And beads and the Papists call the Opus Opera-
 pray'r-books, &c.] A Satire on what sum.*

EP. II. ESSAY ON MAN.

29

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :
 These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy ;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

VER. 292. *The scale to measure,* 121, 124, 134, 144, 199, &c.
 &c.] See farther of the Use of this 269, &c. and Epist. IV. § 356,
 Principle in Man, Epist III. § 366.

EPISTLE III.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with
respect to SOCIETY.*

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous Health,
The trim of Pride, the impudence of Wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend, 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

EPIST. III. In explaining the origin, use, and end of the Passions, in the second epistle, it having been shewn that Man has social as well as selfish passions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a social animal; and connects it with the second, which considered him as an INDIVIDUAL.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd,* &c.] *Form'd and impell'd* are not words of a loose, undistinguishable meaning, thrown in to fill up the verse. This is not our author's way; they are full of sense, and of the most philosophical precision. For to make Matter so cohere as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a proper configuration of

EP. III. ESSAY ON MAN.

31

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,

Precis to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,

15

See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,

(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,

They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

20

Nothing is foreign : Parts relate to whole ;

One all-extending, all-preserving Soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least ;

Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;

All serv'd, all serving ! nothing stands alone ;

25

The chain holds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,

For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.

30

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings :

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note :

its insensible parts is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it, called Attraction.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul.*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest."

Newt. Prin. schol. gen. sub fin.

VER. 23. *Greatest with the least.*] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason ; which made an old schoolman say, with great elegance, *Deus est anima brutorum :*

In this 'tis God direct: —

The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride :
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain :
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose ? 46
 And just as short of Reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul,
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole : 50
 Nature that Tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride : 60
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;

EP. III. ESSAY ON MAN.

33

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65

And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial slain.

The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end;
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75

Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?

Reason however able, cool at best, 85

Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;

But honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human Wit; 90

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man,* by lightning as sacred persons, and
[&c.] Several of the antients, and the particular favourites of Hea-
many of the Orientals since, ven.
esteemed those who were struck

Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

VER. 104. *Sure as De-moivre.*] De-moivre, an eminent Mathematician.

EP. III. E S S A Y O N M A N.

35

Or pours profuse on earth; one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest and the love;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part; 170

VER. 158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody,*
 &c.] i. e. The state described,
 from v 241 to 268, was not yet ar-
 rived. For then, when Superstition
 became so extreme as to bribe the
 Gods with human sacrifices (see

v 266.) Tyranny became neces-
 sitated to bribe the priest for a fa-
 vourable answer:

*And play'd the God an engine on
 his fis.*

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

- “ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :
 “ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 “ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 “ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175
 “ Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 “ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 “ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 “ Here too all forms of social union find,
 “ And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind : 180
 “ Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 “ There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 “ Learn each small People’s genius, policies,
 “ The Ant’s republic, and the realm of Bees ;
 “ How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 “ And Anarchy without confusion know ;
 “ And these for ever, tho’ a Monarch reign,
 “ Their sep’rate cells and properties maintain.
 “ Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,
 “ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix’d as Fate. 190

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a common practice amongst navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the birds, and to venture on those without further scruple.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beasts, &c.*] See *Pliny’s N. H. l. viii. c. 27.* where several instances are given of animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them, and pointing out to some operations in physic by

their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus, &c.*] Oppian. *Haliout. lib. 1.* describes this fish in the following manner: “ They swim
 “ on the surface of the sea, on
 “ the back of their shells, which
 “ exactly resemble the hulk of a
 “ ship; they raise two feet like
 “ masts, and extend a membrane
 “ between, which serves as a sail;
 “ the other two feet they employ
 “ as oars at the side. They are
 “ usually seen in the Mediterranean.”

" In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;

Cities were built, Societies were made: 200

Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?

What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe. 206

Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch fate,
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 216

VER. 209. *Thus States were form'd.* i. e. When men had no need to guard their native rights from their governors by civil pac-

tions; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security.

On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th'abyss profound,
 Or fetch th'aerial eagle to the ground.
 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 255
 One great first father, and that first ador'd.
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son,
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but one: 230
 E'er Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
 To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure, trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
 LOVE all the faith, and all th'allegiance then; 235
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

VER. 219. *He from the wond'ring furrow, &c.*] i. e. He subdued the intractability of all the four elements, and made them subservient to the use of Man.

VER. 225. *Then, looking up from fire to fire, &c.*] The poet here makes their more serious attention to Religion to have arisen, not from their gratitude amidst abundance, but from their helplessness, in distress; by shewing that, during the former state, they rested in second

causes, the immediate authors of their blessing, whom they revered as God: but that in the other they reasoned up to the First,

Then looking up from fire to fire, &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a representation of human nature.

VER. 231. *E'er Wit oblique, &c.*] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light.

No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th'enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
 Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 ground, 250
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they;
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride:

VER. 262. *And hell was built,* content to go to Heav'n without
 &c.] This might very well be said being received on the footing of
 of those times, when no one was a God.

EP. III. ESSAY ON MAN.

41

Then sacred seem'd th'etherial vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood:
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore 285
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;

VER. 283. *'Twas then, the studious head, &c.*] The poet seems here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece; and those benefactors to Mankind, which he

had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle, who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government.

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too,
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
 Such is the World's great harmony, that springs 295
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things!
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
 All must be false that thwart this One great End,
 And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend. 310

VER. 288. *If not God's image,*
 &c.] As reverencing that truth
 which tells us that this full disco-
 very was reserved for the *Glorious*
Gospel of Christ, who is the IMAGE
of God, 2 Cor. iv. 4.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Go-*
vernment let fools contest.] Such as

Harrington, Wildman, Neville, &c.
 about the several forms of a legi-
 timate policy.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith*
let graceless zealots fight.] Such as
Wh—n, Jackson, about the several
 modes of the Christian faith un-
 explained in Scripture.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun:
So two consistent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole. 315

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to HAPPINESS.

O H HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim;
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name:

That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wife.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

EPIST. IV. The two foregoing Epistles having considered Man with regard to the Means, that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society; this last comes to consider him with regard to the End, that is, Happiness.

VER. 6. *O'er-look'd, seen double.*]

O'er-look'd by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *seen double* by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general mistakes that this Epistle is employed in confuting.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

45

Where grows? — where grows it not? — If vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil: [toil,
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,

Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;

Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;

Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25

To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less

Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30

VER. 21, 23. *Some place the bliss in action, — Some sunk to Beasts, &c.* 1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, 'Hedon', such as the Cyrenaic sect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of Mind, which they call *Euthymia*, such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was *πάντων μετρώμετρον*, the measure of all things. 6. The Sceptic: Whose absolute

Doubt is, with great judgment, said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute Trust of the Protagorean: For the same dread of labour attending the search of truth, which makes this latter presume it to be always at hand, makes the former conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is that the laziness of the one is desponding, and the laziness of the other sanguine; yet both concur to give it a good name, and call it Happiness.

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, the Universal Cause 35
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind. 40
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd.
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness:

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's first* history of the Creation, when
law.] i. e. The first law made God first appeased the disorders of
 by God relates to Order; which is Chaos, and separated the light from
 a beautiful allusion to the Scripture the darkness.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN. 47

But mutual wants this Happiness increase, 55

All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60

Heav'n breaths thro' ev'ry member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65

God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear: 70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,

But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,

By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75

And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,

Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind;

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,

Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. 80

VER. 79. *Reason's whole pleasure, &c.*] This is the most beautiful paraphrase for Happiness; for all we feel of good is by sensation and reflexion.

But Health consists with Temperance alone,
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain,
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th'advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools the Good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100

VER. 82. *And Peace, &c.*] Conscious Innocence (says the poet) is the only source of Internal Peace, and known Innocence, of External; therefore, Peace is the sole issue of Virtue; or, in his own emphatic words, *Peace is all thy own*; a conclusive observation in his argument, which stands thus: Is Happiness rightly placed in Externals? No; for it consists in Health, Peace, and Competence. Health and Competence are the

product of Temperance, and Peace of perfect Innocence.

VER. 100. *See god-like Turenne, &c.*] This epithet has a peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is applied not being distinguished from other generals for any of his superior qualities so much as for his providential care of those whom he led to war; which was so extraordinary, that his chief purpose in taking on himself the command of armies, seems to have

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

49

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all phyfical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God fends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is univerfal Good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wifely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain;
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire difeafe. 120
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th'Eternal Cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

been the prefervation of Mankind. In this godlike care he was more diftinguifhably employed throughout the whole courfe of that famous campaign in which he loft his life.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, &c.*] This laft inftance of the poet's illuftration of the ways of Providence, the reader fees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute

of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made fubfervient of his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the author, a perfon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finifhed, viz. 1733.

VER. 121. *Think we, like fome weak Prince, &c.*] Agreeably hereunto, holy Scripture, in its

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest; 125
 Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of Hell;
 If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 "Whatever IS, is RIGHT."—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: 146

account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never represents miracles as wrought for the sake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to some of God's extraordinary dispensations to Mankind.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Ætna, &c.* Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

51

And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue figh'd to lose a day ?

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then ? Is the reward of Virtue bread ? 150

That, Vice may merit ; 'tis the price of toil ;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent, 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er ?

“ No—shall the good want Health, the good want
Pow'r ? ”

Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing ;

“ Why bounded Pow'r ? why private ? why no king ? ”

Nay, why external for internal giv'n ? 161

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n ?

* Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give :

Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand ; 165

Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,

The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize : A better would you fix ?

'Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170

Juſtice a Conq'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit, its great cure, a crown.

Weak, fooliſh man ! will Heav'n reward us there

With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here ?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, 173
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd, 180
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a Saint at twenty one!

To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
Content or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind, 120
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear;
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson grown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian,*
[&c.] Alluding to the Example of
the Indian in EP. I. § 99. and
shewing that that example was not
given to discredit any rational
hopes of future happiness, but only
to shew the folly of separating

them from charity: As when

— Zeal, not Charity became the
Guide,
And Hell was built on spite, and
Heav'n on pride.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN. 53

“What differ more (you cry) the crown and cowl?”
I’ll tell you, friend! a Wise man and a Fool. 200
You’ll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o’er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may’st be by kings, or whores of kings. 206
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your father’s worth if your’s you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 210
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro’ scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards; 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
“Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?”
Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede; 220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all Mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne’er looks forward farther than his nose,
No less alike the Politic and Wise, 225
All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great : 230

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God,
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave, 250

When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

55

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge
 Without a second or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount. 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife: 280
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!

VER. 281, 284, *Think how Bacon shin'd,—See Cromwell damn'd, &c.]* These two examples are chosen with great judgment; the

world, perhaps, does not afford two other such. Bacon discovered and laid down those principles, by the assistance of which Newton was

If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete!
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray, 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold,
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame? 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no less eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightness of his thoughts, and the force of his expression: Yet being convicted and punished for bribery and corruption in the administration of Justice, while he presided in the supreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the most profligate flattery to the Court.

Cromwell seems to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities,

from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the liberties of their Country. The times in which others succeeded in this attempt were such as saw the spirit of liberty suppressed and stifled by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell subdued his country, when this spirit was at its height, by a successful struggle against court-oppression, and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest Genius's for government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

57

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

The whole amount to that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below." 310

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears. 320

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest'd;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow;
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;

Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335

But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of Man. 340

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss, 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355

Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts : But human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

59

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
Another still, and still another spreads,
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race,
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend, my Genius, come along,
Oh master of the poet, and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend,* Sources, Longinus deduceth the
&c.] This noble Apostrophe, by
which the Poet concludes the Essay
in an address to his friend, will fur-
nish a Critic with Examples of
every one of those *five* Species of
Elocution, from which, as from its

1. The first and chief is a
Grandeur and Sublimity of Concep-
tion :

^a — πάντα ἀπὸ τῆς εἰς τὸν θεὸν ὑψηλότητος. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν ἡ κε-
κλιμένη τὸ πρὸς τὰς νοήσεις ἀδραστήσιμος. 2. Δεύτερον ὅτι τὸ σφοδρὸν ἢ ἐν-
δυσιατικὸν πᾶσι. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν χρημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ ῥητορικὴ
φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη ὅτι μεγάλαι αἰτίαι, ἢ συγκληθεὶς τὰ πρὸς ἐκείνῃ
ἀπὸ τῆς, ὡς ἀξιώματι ἢ διαφάνει σιμύθεις.

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,

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*Come then, my Friend, my Genius,
 come along,
 O Master of the Poet and the Song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, and
 now ascends,
 To Man's low Passions, or their
 glorious Ends.*

2. The Second, that Pathetic
 Enthusiasm, which, at the same
 time, melts and inflames:

*Teach me, like thee, in various
 Nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Tem-
 per rise,
 Form'd by thy Converse, happily to
 steer*

*From grave to gay, from lively to
 severe,
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with
 ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.*

3. A certain elegant Formation
 and Ordonance of Figures:

*Oh! while along the stream of Time
 thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all
 its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant
 sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake
 the gale?*

4. A splendid Diction:

*When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in
 dust repose,
 Whose Sons shall blush their Fa-
 thers were thy Foes,
 Shall then this Verse to future age
 pretend*

*Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher,
 and Friend?*

*That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the
 tuneful Art*

*From Sounds to Things, from Fan-
 cy to the Heart;*

*For Wit's false Mirror held up
 Nature's Light;*

5. And fifthly, which includes in
 itself all the rest, a Weight and
 Dignity in the Composition:

*Shew'd erring Pride, whatever is,
 is RIGHT;*

*That REASON, PASSION, answer
 one great AIM;*

*That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL
 are the SAME;*

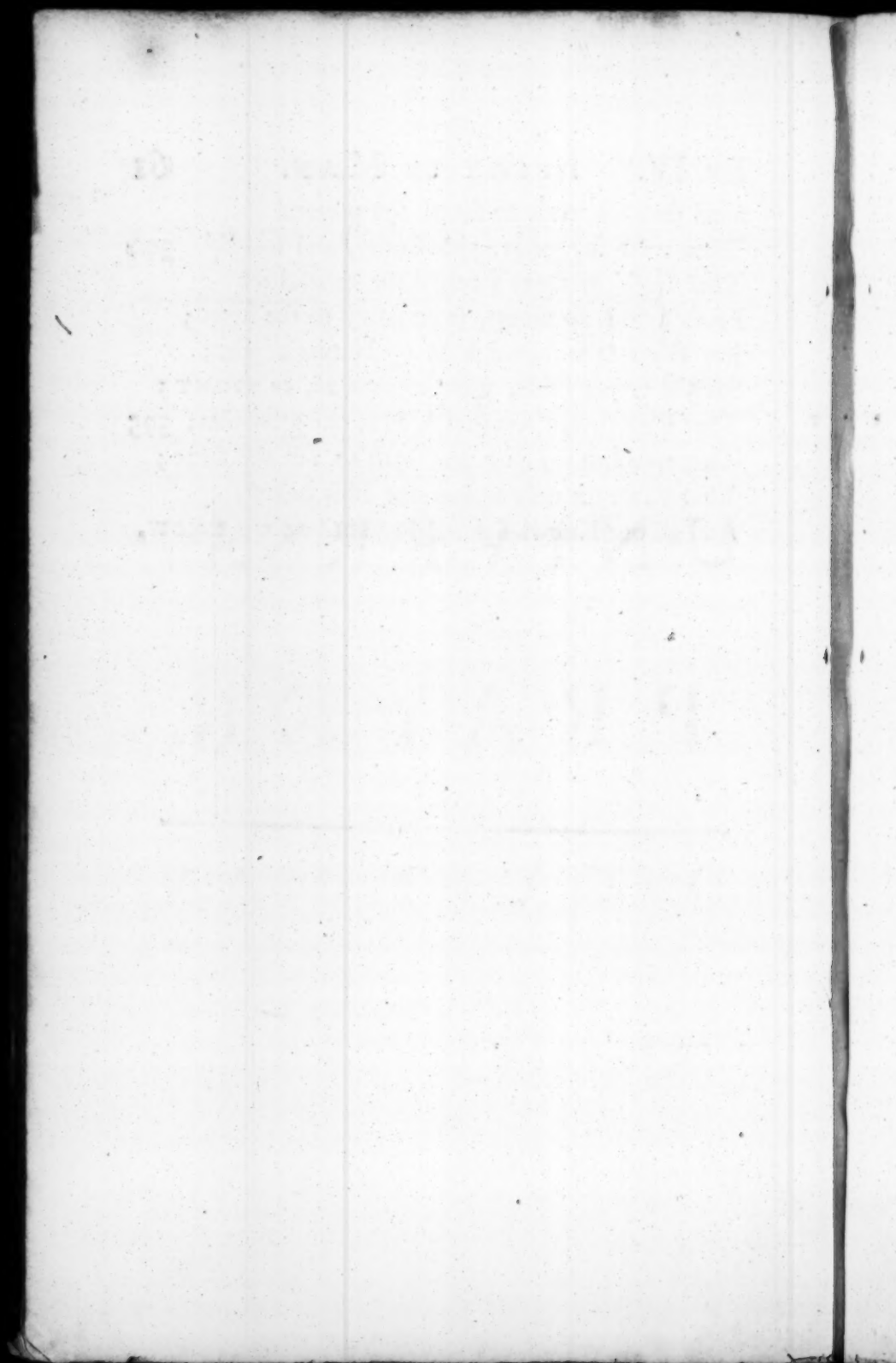
*That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS
 below;*

*And all our Knowledge is OUR-
 SELVES TO KNOW.*

EP. IV. ESSAY ON MAN.

61

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.



THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

UNIVERSAL

P R A Y E R

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

66 The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe:

If I am right, oh teach my heart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, thy GRACE impart
To find that better Way;

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

67

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That Mercy I to others shew,
That Mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath:
Oh lead me wherefo'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

F I N I S.



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